THE ARGUS.

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Rock Island—From River to River.

IDLE TALK.

A crowd in New York calling themselves social revolutionists have sent a telegram addressed to the first lady of the land, who had just purchased a wedding trousseau, asking her to consider the working people "out of whose tired finger tips your finery has been pilfered." The senders of this impudent message should have informed themselves as to the price of the trousseau and the wages paid the finger tips from which it came forth as a finished product. It is safe to say that the true figures would have little appearance or suggestion of starvation.

About the same day the social revolutionists got busy Amos Pinchot, himself a very wealthy man, declared that "wealth and power are all passing into the control of a few; that the country is bordering on revolution," and more of the same sort to the effect that the "great problem before us is the unequal division of wealth." One is tempted to suggest to Mr. Pinchot that if the rich are to begin distributing their wealth in order to avoid the perils he speaks of he could not do better than lead off himself and set the pace.

To these protests from the social revolutionists and Mr. Pinchot the New York World makes reply:

"Here we have calamity from two sources, the poor and the rich, without a foot of ground to stand upon. Never before in the history of the world was a great nation as well off as is the United States today; never such bountiful crops; never such universal employment at good wages; never such security in finance and credit; never such public and private benevolence; never such an approach to the dream of the ages, which may be summed up in one word Justice."

The case emphasizes the fact that there is too much harmful talk in this world by people who ought to be at work.

FEMALE COURAGE.

Tell a man that tight belts cause appendicitis and he loosens his belt at once. Warn him that stiff hats make the hair fall out and he carries his hat in his hand until he can find a soft one to put on. This is one of the striking differences between men and women.

You cannot scare a woman with any such threat. It must be centuries since women were told that stays would be everlasting ruin to them. But is there any decrease in the use of these articles? None that is indicated by the windows of the dry goods stores. Tight skirts were bound to shorten their steps permanently. V-necks would invite ills with the most terrifying names. Fur collars would weaken their resistance to murderous germs. But what did the women think of these cautionings? asks the Toledo Blade. About as much as you would think of the humming of a gnat. They wore the tight skirts until they were blessed well ready to abandon them. They bared their necks to the wintery breezes as if there were no such thing. You may be sure that the fur collars will not come off until they become unfashionable. You may be callous to the advice of the Cleveland doctor now urging the discarding of the high heels because they make bow legs. The female of the species is more nervy than the male.

TRAGEDIES OF HISTORY.

There are many tragedies in history made from what nearly were successes but there will be none in this war, indeed there are few in any war, to compare with British failure in the Dardanelles. The greatest German reverse, which turned it back from the very gates of Paris, does not compare with the abandonment of Suvla bay and Anzac regions, because Germany at least has profited by that swift march across France, while Britain and France have had only bitter defeat and useless loss of life on Gallipoli.

There was a time, perhaps, when the Dardanelles attack could have been successful, but that opportunity was not taken advantage of and it was lost. Had Great Britain not confused the success of Germany's great guns at Leige and Namur with the possibilities of the great guns of the Queen Elizabeth and her sister ships, but recognized the difference and the need of supporting a sea attack by a thrust on land, Dardanelles might have been forced. There even comes from Constantinople today a story that had the naval attack been pushed another day it would have found the Turkish forts without munitions, but this must be taken with salt.

It must suffice that the attempt to force the Dardanelles has failed and the failure has accomplished one immeasurable result. It has decapitated British prestige in the near east and has given to Britain's enemies present and potential, a confidence in themselves that, no matter how this war may end, is bound to have serious consequences on British domination in the future.

At home the failure of the Dardanelles campaign cannot help but have a depressing effect. When it was begun and indeed all through its course, until the beginning of the successful German drive through Serbia, the ridiculous British censor permitted nothing but optimistic reports of the maneuvers. One day the ships had penetrated the straits to the last fort, the next day the Turks were running short of munitions; again they were abandoning Constantinople. The news of the sinking of those great British and French battleships did not come until a week after the incident, and then from America! The English were fed on success until it all but cloyed, and now they have suddenly to mouth the bitterness of defeat.

And such a defeat! Thousands of British and French soldiers have fallen on the barren sands of Gallipoli that the Turks turned into a veritable hell through the unbearable summer. Their corpses dot the bleak hills and the wastes of beach and their blood has dried on a thousand dunes for nothing. In another cause their sacrifices might have meant something. They might have saved Serbia. They might have carried a trench in the Argonne. They might have pressed home to Bagdad. Instead they have died fruitlessly because again "someone had blundered."

SAFETY FOR CHILDREN.

"Safety First for Children" is the title of a little book just issued by the Safety First Federation of America. It is a neat little thing in itself but has behind it a most ambitious purpose, the conservation of human life. Very large effort has been expended in its preparation and it seems destined to have widespread influence throughout the United States.

The story tells of George Bento's visit to his cousin, Arthur, who lives in the city. George is a country boy unfamiliar with the ways of the city. Through nine chapter one follows his experiences and observations in avoiding the things which beset the paths of dwellers in the city and he is so profoundly impressed with what he goes through and what he sees that he is impelled to do something to help other children out of similar difficulties. He conceives an idea, which he conceals from his cousin, Arthur, but which is shown to be developing through the progress of the entire story and as it develops Arthur's curiosity continues to increase.

The great idea is finally disclosed in the last chapter, where George confides to Arthur his plan of compiling a set of Safety First rules for children, and together they enter into the work. Their first draft is submitted to Arthur's father, who heartily commends the idea and makes suggestions and additions which the boys had overlooked. The list as finally revised and adopted by the boys is given at the end of the book.

Supplementing this general story and set of rules is a chapter on fire prevention by Robert Adamson, fire commissioner of the city of New York, in which is included a series of photographs showing a number of the principal causes of fires in the home.

There are also some jingles of the "Mother Goose" order and a few verses or adages or memory gems with the Safety First flavor. All these being for the purpose of adding interest, variety and attractiveness to the general subject.

The book is attractively printed in four colors and with an illustration on very nearly every page. It is bound in boards, with paper cover of a serviceable color, intended primarily for school use.

It is the purpose of the federation to have the book introduced generally into the public schools of the United States, but until this is accomplished, a wide distribution will be secured through direct sales to the public.

COMMISSION PLAN POPULAR

In a report to be issued by the census bureau it is shown that the commission form of government is now in effect in 81 of the 204 cities of this country of over 30,000 inhabitants. These cities are scattered throughout 26 states in addition to the District of Columbia. Five of them are in New England, 27 in other northern states east of the Mississippi river, 16 in the northern states between the Mississippi and the Pacific coast states, nine in the Pacific coast states and 24 in the south. The largest city now operating the commission form is New Orleans with a population estimated at 365,000, but Buffalo with about 460,000 will inaugurate the system Jan. 1, 1916. The next in order are Washington, D. C., with a population of 350,000; Portland, Ore., with about 200,000 and Denver with 250,000. This growth of the commission form among the great cities has been something notable. Meantime there are hundreds of smaller cities under this operation or proposing to adopt it. It seems to fit into the demand for a more accurate and effective administration of municipal affairs. In connection with the commission form some cities are operating under a "city manager" by direction of the commission. Dayton, Ohio, for example, has a commission of five members, which decides matters of general policy, and a "city manager" appointed by the commission who looks after administrative work. The plan of a city manager is urged as an improvement over all others, but even this retains the commission. The rejection of the old ward system, wherever attempted, seems to be conclusive and final.

Detroit is one of the big candy markets of the world, due, a newspaper of that place asserertes, "to the general prosperity of its citizens, which enables them to partake of the sweet delicacies," and yet John D. Rockefeller had to take up golf.

Selected by Tavenner

To the Readers of The Argus:

The Argus has generously agreed to permit me to make a regular contribution under this head, to use the space as if it were my own. I am left free to make my selection from where I will, whether it is timely or untimely; to search the highways and the byways for what may impress me as of interest and value to the people.

I assure my readers I shall try to make the most of the opportunity. To do so I must forget that party lines exist, and I will, just as I wish it might be practical for them not to exist and that the principal issue on election day might be, not whether a candidate belongs to this or that political party, but whether he is willing to serve the masses of the people or the few who exploit them.

In other words, my idea is to submit information or a thought that I would give to the world if I myself edited a newspaper, the only mission of which was to serve mankind; to do this and nothing more.

When I personally write the contribution, I will sign it, and when I present the thought and work of others I will so indicate. CLYDE H. TAVENNER.

THE "INTEREST BACK OF PREPAREDNESS.

On the 24th of November, Mr. Hudson Maxim delivered an address before the committee of 100 appointed to represent the Security league in St. Louis. (These men do not enlist to fight, they simply enlist to encourage the spending of money on preparedness). On the 26th of November the following advertisement appeared in the St. Louis papers:

"The Maxim Munitions corporation was formed to take over the important inventions of Hudson Maxim in aerial torpedoes, bomb-throwing devices, aeroplane guns, improvements in range-finding guns, position indicators to show constantly the geological position of submarines and other vessels, improvements in periscopes and many others. Further details in this space tomorrow. Full report on application."

The following comment appears in the St. Louis Times:

"The appearance of an advertisement in St. Louis papers announcing the organization of the $10,000,000 Maxim Munitions corporation, two days after the appearance of Hudson Maxim before the Business Men's league, and about 10 days after the appointment by Mayor Kiel of a committee of 100 to prepare a plan whereby congress might be influenced in its army and navy program, Friday, was causing much comment among members of the committee.

"The advertisement stated that 'the Maxim Munitions corporation was formed to take over the important inventions of Hudson Maxim in aerial torpedoes, bomb-throwing devices, aeroplane guns, improvements in range-finding guns, position indicators to show constantly the geological position of submarines and other vessels, and many others.' The stock was offered for sale at $10 a share.

"A canvass of members of Mayor Kiel's committee of 100 indicated the appointment of the committee, Mr. Maxim's visit and the advertisement were more than mere coincidences.

"Frederick W. Lehman, whose name has been included in the 100, said he intended refusing to accept the appointment. 'That's a pretty swift beginning,' he commented when his attention was called to the advertisement, 'but it always happens about like that.'

"John H. Gundlach, another member of the committee of 100 declared that if the 'activities of the National Security league, the appearance of Mr. Maxim and then of the advertisement can be connected, it is treasonable. Of course, there are a lot of slick people who always want to capitalize patriotism, and whose patriotism is measured altogether by the number of dollars they get out of it. The more dollars, the more patriotism.'

"An appointment to the committee of 100 was also refused by Henry S. Caulfield.

"'When any man connected with the manufacture of munitions declares himself for war, one can not help thinking he has some ulterior motive.' Mr. Caulfield said. 'I am for adequate national defense, but I believe we ought to confer with some authority who will not profit by war, or who is not connected with the manufacture of munitions of war.'"

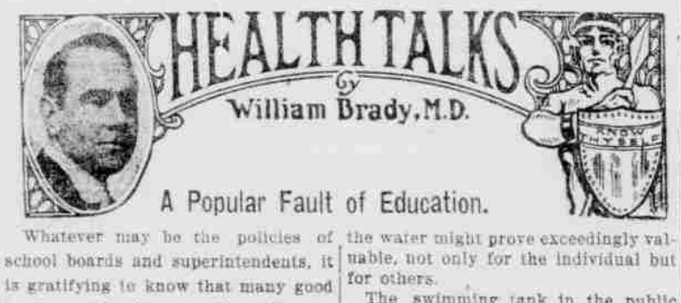
TEDDY AGAIN?

There is no ignoring the fact that Theodore Roosevelt at the present time stands a better chance of being the republican nominee for president in 1916 than any other man. The very vehemence with which the "old guard" of the party protest the folly of such a prediction is excellent evidence of the ill-concealed anxiety they feel on the subject. Whether the Roosevelt articles appearing with growing frequency in the press of the country are inspired or not, it is undeniable that they are leaving their impression on the public mind. "Roosevelt talk" is heard everywhere, and wise politicians who once scouted the suggestion of Roosevelt as a 1916 nominee on any ticket, privately confess their fears that he will "come back" with irresistible force at Chicago.

The Boston Advertiser predicts that unless Hughes can be persuaded to run, Roosevelt will be the inevitable nominee. The New York Tribune says the sentiment for Roosevelt or Hughes has submerged all other booms and prints numerous letters from readers to show the popular drift.

The New York Mail practically nominates Roosevelt. The Philadelphia North American says only the nomination of Hughes will prevent the nomination of Roosevelt. The Kansas City Star says the Roosevelt talk will not down. The Cincinnati Enquirer sees the "scarlet thread of the alm and personality of Theodore Roosevelt" running through all the speculation concerning 1916. The Outlook all but launches a Roosevelt boom. Standpat organs like the New York Times, the Pittsburgh Gazette-Times, the Washington Star and the Wall Street Journal all appear to regard Roosevelt as "more than a possibility." But the most startling indication of the Roosevelt resurgence is a suggestion by Dr. Hugo Muensterburg, one of the busiest pro-German writers of the country, that the "German vote" would go to Roosevelt in preference to Wilson.

The convention is half a year away and that mysterious thing described as "public sentiment" is not yet in the stage of crystalization. So prognostications are not only futile, but hazardous. But the most casual political observer must confess that aside from Justice Hughes no republican of presidential size, so to speak, has yet gathered even the nucleus of a worth while boom.



A Popular Fault of Education.

Whatever may be the policies of school boards and superintendents, it is gratifying to know that many good teachers take it upon themselves to instruct their pupils in posture, breathing and practical hygiene. When your little John or Mary comes home with such new-fangled ideas you may congratulate yourself upon the competence of the teacher.

There is one great fault in modern education, at least in the education of the majority of school children. We who grew up handy by the old swimming hole were not denied instruction in the noble art of self-support—in water. Nowadays swimming holes are comparatively few and far between, and what there are of them may very likely be considered contaminated and dangerous, if parents are not chicken-hearted about letting the youngsters avail themselves of the rightful privilege of a daily dip.

The public school ought to teach swimming. Recent trends of education seem to follow a more practical direction than has been the custom in the past. Manual training is receiving a fair share of consideration in the public schools. The young graduate is a lot better equipped than we were in our day.

If asked to choose for our children between a course of instruction in swimming and a course in algebra or bookkeeping or astronomy, we would unhesitatingly declare for swimming. There are conceivable occasions when algebra, bookkeeping and astronomy would be of little avail, and an elementary knowledge of self-support in the water might prove exceedingly valuable, not only for the individual but for others.

The swimming tank in the public school is the next logical step in practical education. Manual training and the open-air school room have eliminated a lot of senseless cramming and fogyism from the preliminary school course. Let us install the swimming tank and turn out self-confident men and women instead of timid mollycoddles.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Nitroglycerin a Powerful Drug.

Is nitroglycerin, one-hundredth grain tablet, a good remedy for palpitation?

Answer—It is a very powerful drug, capable of working serious injury. Take it only under the personal supervision of your physician.

Closed and Open Tuberculosis.

Please inform me what doctors call a "closed" and an "open" case of tuberculosis, and how these differences affect one's admissibility to a hospital.

Answer—Closed if no bacilli are given off in the sputum; open if bacilli are present in the sputum. Some hospitals will not admit an open case, because of fear of infection of other patients.

The Cause of Bunions.

Will you kindly inform me what causes bunions and how to prevent them? asks a school principal.

Answer—The outward turning last, the sole that seeks to travel off at a tangent instead of hewing to the straight and narrow path. The unspoiled great toe is as straight as a string.

CHORDS AND DISCORDS

Should Think Again.

The value of the principal farm crops in the United States this year was something more than $5,500,000,000, and yet there are those who think the present prosperity is all a matter of war munitions.—St. Louis Republic.

Slow Work.

About now, too, is when the sun going south and begins to demonstrate that it can come back. But, like other comebacks, it's pretty slow work.—Indianapolis News.

Already There.

Somebody predicts a state of anarchy in Europe after the war. Why predict what is already on hand?—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

AN OLD FRIEND.

How dear to my heart are the old things in general,
When fond recollections present them to view;
Old pewter, old linen, old friends and china,
Old books and old songs are far better than new,
And old shoes for comfort (we need new ones badly);
The old corncob pipe I shall always hold dear,
But the old, old subscriber, I mention him gladly,
Ever faithful and true, he renews by the year.

The old, old subscriber, the dear old subscriber,
The faithful old friend who renews every year.

Old wine and old sweethearts, the older the better;
The old folks at home—what is home without them?
The old swimming hole—it must not be forgotten—
The jewel of memory's whole diadem;
Old times and old customs, and e'en the old dances
(We'll have to admit we cannot turkey trot);
But of old institutions, if one must take chances,
The old, old subscriber's the best of the lot.

The old, old subscriber, the dear old subscriber,
The paid up subscriber's the best of the lot.

ROY K. MOULTON.

His Favorite Beast.

Harris Dickson, on a hunting trip in Sunflower county, Mississippi, met an old darkey who had never seen a circus in his life. When the big show came in the following season to Dickson's town of Vicksburg he sent for the old man and treated him to the whole thing—arrival of the trains, putting up the tents, grand free street parade, menagerie, main performance, concert, side show, peanuts, red lemonade and all.

The old darky followed his white patron through with popping eyes, but saying never a word. Late in the afternoon they got back to the Dickson home.

"John," said Dickson, "you enjoyed it?"

"Boss," said John fervently, "Ah shore did!"

"What did you like the most?"

"Mistah Dickson," answered John, "Ah shore laked hit all."

"Well, what impressed you most?"

"Well, suh, boss," he said, "Ah reckin hit was dat here animal you calls de camuel."

"The camel, eh?" Well, what was so remarkable about the camel?"

"He suttinly is got such a noble smell!"—Saturday Evening Post.

Thoroughly Pessimistic.

"Why don't you announce yourself as a presidential candidate?"

"Because," replied Senator Sorghum, "I don't believe I could get nominated. And if I did get nominated I couldn't fill the position properly. And if I did fill it properly I wouldn't get much credit for it anyhow." — Washington Star.

During the Holidays.

"Here's a New York clubwoman says a woman can do a day's housekeeping in ten minutes. Do you subscribe to that?"

"I've seen it done when mother was in a hurry to get downtown on her Christmas shopping." — Louisville Courier-Journal.

Playing Too Safe.

The defendant in a case tried in a western court had been duly convicted of theft, when it was seen, on "proving previous convictions," that he had actually been in prison at the time the theft was committed.

"Why didn't you say so?" angrily demanded the judge of the prisoner.

"Your honor," said the man, apologetically, "I was afraid of prejudicing the jury against me."—New York Evening Post.

Equal to Emergency.

A story is told of a certain well-known theatrical manager, who has a habit of, by hook or by crook, getting his own way.

"That's too loud," he called out one day, as the orchestra started at a rehearsal.

"I can't help it sir," replied the conductor, "it's marked 'forte.'"

"Well," went on the man of power, imperturbably, "just make it thirty-five, please."

Fair Division.

Scene: Police court during dispute over eight-day clock.

Magistrate—"I award the clock to plaintiff."

Defendant—Then what do I get?

Magistrate—"I'll give you the eight days."—Stray Stories.

J. M. C.

The Daily Story

A Cure for Sulks — By M. Quad.

It is an old saying among country folk, and perhaps in the cities, too, that the mother who has seven children has one sulky one among the lot. This certainly was the case with Mrs. John Whittaker.

Miss Sally Whittaker showed signs of the sulks when only a year old.

Up to the age of nineteen Miss Sally had an attack of the sulks about once in two weeks on the average.

The girl was good looking and intelligent, and she would have had many admirers but for this singular trait of hers. Some times when a young man called to get better acquainted she was as good as pie. At other times he found himself alone in the parlor while the "sulker" went to bed or took a walk by herself.

Then came Abraham Doe. In delivering some potatoes at her father's house he saw Miss Sally and lost his heart to her at once.

Abe was a good fellow and always carried a laugh with him. In a joking way, as he emptied the last bag of potatoes, he said something to Miss Sally about coming a-courting, and although it was one of her good days, she went off into a fit of sulks and disappeared.

"W-what ails the gal?" he asked of the mother, in great surprise.

"Oh, you mustn't mind her—she's a bit flighty at times," was the reply.

"But I'm coming a-courtin' jest the same."

In the next three months Abe came a-courting twice a week, and during that time he met with five or six cases of the "sulks."

He took them all good naturedly, however, and not once did he "fly up" and vow that he would never step foot in that house again.

But one day he asked her mother if her daughter had always been given to sulking and received this reply:

"Yes, pouting or sulking. It is unfortunate. Dr. Baker said she would outgrow it and she has, to some extent. There was a traveling doctor around here the other day, and I told him about her. He said it was something that could be cured right away. A sudden fright would do it."

"Shoo! Who's goin' to frighten her?"

And thereupon Mrs. Whittaker and the farmer originated a little conspiracy of two, and when they were through talking they both smiled and said it would work. It was a conspiracy against Sally and her sulks. In about a week a "fit" was due, and they would be ready to carry out the details of their plot.

About a quarter of a mile from the Whittaker house was an old cider mill, long since given up to the rats, bats and owls. Ofttimes when Sally had her sulks she carried them to this old building and took a seat and had it out with herself. She had been known to go there of an evening, when other girls would have been frightened by the loneliness of the place.

One evening Abe got the wink from the mother as he took a seat in the parlor. It was a wink that told him the sulks were not far away. He winked back and grinned. What he said to Sally half an hour later brought on the climax. She jumped out of her chair and ran outdoor bareheaded. It was half an hour after twilight, but he did not follow her—not as Abe, the lover. There was some hustling done about the house, and when the young man stepped forth and took his way to the old cider mill the reader would not have recognized him by his attire.

Miss Sally Whittaker had been crossed, humiliated, reproved, and Abe Doe had done it. She sat in the darkness of the old mill and gritted her teeth and vowed that she would never, never speak to him again.

Squeak, squeak, squeak! went the rats, and Sally shivered.

O-o-o-o-o-h, o-o-o-o-h, o-o-o-o-h! hooted the owl among the rafters, and Miss Sally did more than shiver—she uttered a little scream of fright.

She held her ground, however, as she had not finished her sulks yet.

But did Sally Whittaker escape thus easily? Not much! There was still something coming to her. It was a ghost—a great, big ghost, that looked to be ten feet high.

Abe Doe had been told by the highest authority that a couple of peach pits would disguise the human voice beyond recognition. The ghost in the old cider mill had the pits in his mouth.

"Pout, will ye? Sulk, will ye?" growled Abe as he seized her by the arm and shook her back and forth.

"Oh, mother—father—Abe!" gasped the girl.

"Will ye ever sulk again?" demanded Abe as he danced her around.

"No, no, no!"

"If ye do—beware! I shall always be on hand and ready to break your infernal neck!"

With these awful words Abe bumped her head good and hard against the old cider press and disappeared like a shadow, while Miss Sally grew wings to fly to the house for further protection. It was a night or two later that Abe showed up at the house, and he had hardly taken his seat when the girl came straight up to him and with such sincerity in her face as he had never witnessed before she said:

"Abe, it took a ghost to do it, but I am completely cured of the sulks. I know it, I realize it and I am so glad over it that—that"—

"That we will get married pretty soon?" finished Abe for her.

And she nodded her head.

Sidelights on the European War

Zurich, Switzerland.—(Correspondence of The Associated Press.)—With the new levy in Austria-Hungary drawing away yet many thousands more men from civil occupations, the demand for female help has been further increased. Women are now not only welcomed, but eagerly sought for in various fields of industry and commerce from which they were previously sternly excluded. But at the same time they have been given to understand that this is only a temporary condition and they must be prepared to make room for the men when these come back from the field.

Quite apart from the much talked of women street car conductors, one sees the sex engaged now in all kinds of work, in factories, stores and offices, everywhere. In the laboratories of great industrial plants the "Frau Doktor" is standing behind scales, and retorts, and bottles, engaged in the most intricate chemical analysis. Before the war she was only admitted as an assistant, but as one after the other of her male colleagues was called to the army, she was permitted to fill their places.

Coming into Vienna on the northern railway, hundreds of women may be seen working on the gigantic coal heaps, shoveling the coal into the hoppers and performing the heaviest kind of manual labor. Formerly everybody would have scoffed at the idea of a female "coalman" but now nobody turns to look at her.

Amateur women photographers have become assistants to doctors in X-ray work, and in electro-therapeutic treatment. In Gratz special courses of instruction in photography are being given for this work. The women are taught by university professors, and receive certificates attesting their fitness.

The capable housewife no longer remains at home; her services have been found valuable in taking the domestic management of hospitals, and sanatoriums, and convalescent homes. If living in the country, she devotes herself to raising poulry and eggs, or fruit growing. The agricultural colleges are constantly increasing their number of women students. People who hitherto opposed the idea of women becoming gardeners are now applying to the colleges for them. Young women have already done extremely well as landscape gardeners. A special school for them has recently been opened in Vienna.

This problem of the effect of the entry of women into the labor market after the war, is already engaging the serious attention of the authorities in Austria and in Germany. Only recently the Bavarian government issued a public warning to women against rushing into fields of work, so far monopolized by men. They are told in plain terms, that as a matter of course they would have to give up their places to men as soon as the latter were back from the army; and that therefore they ought not to spend money on training in business colleges for employment which could only prove temporary. But just the same these colleges have gone on advertising for pupils and promising them most lucrative engagements at the end of a few weeks' course. And the rush of new applicants for positions continues, despite the warning of the authorities that in Bavaria, at least, the supply of women labor of all grades is greater than the demand.

London.—Women now form the staff of three horse depots at Reading, where they are not only doing military stable duty and grooming the horses, but are actually instructing soldiers in riding. This is the most startling kind of war-work yet undertaken. All of them are used to horses and to riding after the hounds, and enjoy their new duties.

Nancy, France.—Eighty young girls from Pont-a-Mouson, from Gerbevillers, from Nomeny, from Alsace and different parts of Lorraine are passing their exile here in Nancy, learning domestic economy in a building in which the Germans made cheap soup before the war.

"How to live on 15 cents a day and have a little something over," is the essence of the problem the girls have to solve. In doing it, they begin at the market, learning how to buy, then the value and uses of what they have bought and how to get the most out of it.

The work also includes designing, cutting and sewing.

"We owe it to the soldiers who are fighting that when they return to their destroyed firesides they will find that their children have been neither abandoned nor neglected, but that during their absence they have received the training and education that will enable them to face the future with courage and confidence," said Prefect Mirman to the correspondent, after showing him the work rooms.

Daily History Class—Dec. 25.

Date settled upon in the fourth century for the birth of Jesus Christ and celebrated as Christmas since the reign of Constantine.

1776—Washington crossed the Delaware river with 2,400 men and marched on Trenton.

1864—Combined army and navy attack on Fort Fisher, N. C., by Federal forces repulsed.

1914—British water and air fleets raided German naval base at Cuxhaven, Germany, and were repulsed. Austrians captured Usok pass, in the Carpathian mountains.